

**A Hammock Song.**  
 Sunshine is through the branches sitting,  
 sitting, As I swing;  
 Piny odors are round me drifting, drifting,  
 As I swing;  
 To and fro, to and fro, beneath the rustling  
 leaves;  
 I'm half asleep and half awake, and in a  
 restful ease,  
 As I swing.  
 Ah, the day-dreams I am dreaming, dream-  
 ing,  
 As I swing;  
 With what happy thoughts my brain is  
 teeming, teeming,  
 As I swing.  
 All this long life is a summer's day,  
 And sunshine and happiness have come to  
 stay,  
 As I swing.  
 Away from the cares of earth I'm swinging,  
 swinging,  
 As I swing;  
 Ease and rest forgetfulness are bringing,  
 bringing,  
 As I swing.  
 But troubled dreams were the grief I've  
 known,  
 That away on the morning have quickly  
 flown,  
 As I swing.  
 My heavy eyelids would be sleeping, sleep-  
 ing,  
 As I swing;  
 And my tired eyes forget their weeping,  
 weeping,  
 As I swing.  
 Hope hath for me no weak or crippled wing,  
 And life seems a sweeter and dearer thing,  
 As I swing.  
 —[Little Curtis, in New York Ledger.]

**AT LUELLEN.**

I do not see how I could have avoided doing it, and yet it has weighed heavy on my conscience ever since.

I was making my first trip to Mexico. Cold weather was approaching, and so I had taken a rifle with me, hoping that at some point I should be able to get a shot or two at deer or turkeys. I say "a" rifle and not "my" rifle, for I knew that on the level surface and in the thick underbrush of western Texas I should have no opportunity to use my long-range, single-shot Remington that I had carried with me for years. Consequently I had obtained especially for this journey a light Winchester, with which I felt entirely unacquainted.

The country east of the Rio Grande for a long distance was then a savage wilderness. Not a village of any size, hardly a permanent dwelling of any kind, was to be found. The only representatives of the human race to be met were the employees of the single line of railway that passed through the territory, and the bands of wicked-looking Indians that roved everywhere, ready to commit any kind of a crime and then to escape by slipping over the boundary into their own country.

Soon after leaving San Antonio, I began to hear conversations in the train about some murders that had been committed during the previous week at a station of the road called Luellen. Three men who had separately, for different purposes, alighted at that point had been shot in the back and robbed of all their valuables. Indians had been seen in the vicinity, and they were beyond all doubt the assassins. Workmen employed by the railway company had reported the crimes and brought the bodies to the station for identification, but declared themselves unable to give any information that could lead to the detection of the criminals. I decided that whatever else I might do, I would not stop at Luellen.

I had already fixed upon the Naucos River as the most promising place at which to commence my hunting operations. There, I had been told, game often came out in full sight of the railway train, and but a short walk would be necessary to carry me to a number of little green openings in the brushwood where deer loved to browse, and to a line of tall trees fringing the river on which turkeys could always be found at night. I had intended before arriving there to take off my black traveling-suit and to put on the heavy shoes, coarse drilling trousers, blue woolen shirt and slouch hat that I always wore on the prairies and in the woods, but I had been so much interested in the conversation of my fellow passengers that I suddenly found myself at my destination. Not a building was in sight except a plain little shanty of rough boards that served the double purpose of station-house and home for track repairers. A few rods away stood in lazy attitude a half dozen Mexican Indians. As I moved toward the house, carrying in one hand my valise and in the other my rifle case, and unavoidably showing a small watch-chain, they studied me with close attention. When I went through the doorway, they followed, and as I began to change my outside clothing in the one apart-

ment that did duty as dining-room, sitting-room and sleeping-room, they watched every movement. They saw that I had property enough to make me a profitable subject for robbery, and they also had an opportunity to observe that the property consisted in part of an instrument that could throw bullets one after another with wonderful rapidity, whatever might be the accuracy of their aim.

Two railway employes were in charge of the house, and into their care I gave my luggage. I then explained to them that I wished to spend the remainder of the day in the thicket, and that as the country was flat, presenting no prominent objects by which a stranger could direct his course, I should be glad to obtain the services of one of them as guide.

They answered that their time was paid for by the company, and that, although one of them could be spared from his post without harm, neither felt at liberty to leave. I offered them five dollars, ten dollars, and hinted at a larger sum, but could not move either of them. I must then either go alone or lose the opportunity to hunt in a particularly promising locality, and pass the rest of the day and part of the night, till the arrival of the next train, in a wretched hovel, without any occupation whatever. I decided in favor of the former course; so buckling on my cartridge belt and throwing my rifle over my shoulder, I leaped the light fence in the rear of the house and the next moment was in a wilderness in which, without care, one could be hopelessly lost in a few moments. Consulting my compass often, and keeping in mind the speed with which I walked, I moved away from the station at a right angle with the railway.

The ground was nearly covered by mesquite-bushes growing in dense clumps, the spaces between being carpeted with fine, soft buffalo-grass that gave out no sound under the tread. I had travelled four or five miles, all of the time listening eagerly for game, when my attention was arrested by the breaking of a twig behind me. I dropped instantly behind a cactus-plant and lay perfectly still. So quiet was the air that the beating of my heart seemed to me to make a great noise. Looking steadily in the direction in which I had heard the crackling, I at length saw an apparent change of form going on in a small upturned stump, eighty or ninety yards away. One side of it, which presented a confused effect by reason of projecting roots, seemed to be gradually swelling out and becoming solid. Was I deceived? Surely that was a human head that was stealthily forcing itself into view. And what was that long black object, glistening just a little at the outer end, that I saw gradually working its way to a position in a straight line with me? It could be nothing else than a rifle. Then I heard a low, sharp click. The man before me was plainly one of the Mexican Indians that I had seen at the station. He had followed me to murder and rob me. He knew precisely where I lay, and waited only for me to rise a little, to send a bullet spinning through my forehead. Fortunately I was better concealed than he.

My mind worked rapidly. I thought of my pleasant home, my friends, the thousand experiences that made life sweet to me. I remembered that I had obligations to meet, work to do. Though I might have acted foolishly in entering into so wild a place alone, my purpose was honest, I intended no harm to anyone, I had a right to be there. Must I be shot down like a dog, by a miserable savage, that he might possess himself of the trinkets about my person? But could I trust my Winchester? True, the distance was short, but in such a crisis I lacked faith in a new and an almost untried weapon. My eye was on the sights, my finger on the trigger, and almost unconsciously I pulled. A scream a dirty hand raised in the air, and then perfect stillness again. What next? Was I probably surrounded? If I should rise, should I be riddled with lead coming from all directions? I remained perfectly quiet for some time, and then crept cautiously toward my would-be murderer. He was dead, sure enough. I did not like to look at him. I started back toward the railway, intentionally describing a large circle in my course, and arrived after dusk. No Indians were in the station-house. The two white men looked surprised when they saw me. Said one of them: "Well, yer a lucky chap. Mo an' Bill didn't 'spect 't see yer no more 'round here 'live. Them air greasers hangin' 'round all th' time 'd jes like ter kill yer fer yer boots er yer hat, 't say nothin' 'bout yer

pocket-book. We sh'd er told yer 'bout 'em, but didn't have no chance ter talk ter 'lone. They say yer handed a gun like 'a yer were bro't up with one; 'praps they took yer fer one o' them ere San Antonio blacklegs that shoot like ther mischief, and just d'light ter have er chance ter kill some un in a nat'ral sort er way. Why, three men've bin shot by them 'criters within er week in this place, and—"

"Why, I thought that happened at Luellen."

"Well, this is Luellen; folks used to call it Naucos River."

A moment more, and the west-bound express came roaring along, and soon afterward I was settled down in a comfortable berth for the night, but I could not keep out of my mind the dead man lying under the trees.—[Lewiston (Me.) Journal.]

**Bull Whips a Lion.**  
 "The lion has been called the king of beasts, but I will back a bull of good fighting stock against anything that wears hair," said C. W. Court-right at the Southern.

"I was traveling in Mexico a few years ago, and at Monterey a little one-ring circus with menagerie attachment was exhibiting. In the outfit was a large and ferocious-looking lion, which was proclaimed as the terror of the animal creation.

A Mexican cattle man was an interested spectator, and while the tent was full he mounted a seat and offered to bet the proprietor of the show \$1000 that he had a bull that could whip the lion in ten minutes. The wager was accepted and the next day set for the battle in the local bull-pen. The lion was turned loose in the inclosure and a young lamb thrown to him. He killed and ate it and the taste of blood seemed to make him frantic. Then a black, wiry, Spanish bull was turned in. Without a moment's hesitation the lion sprang at him, but taurus caught him on his needle-like horns and threw him thirty feet.

The lion did not appear anxious to resume hostilities, but the bull was in for a fight to a finish. He rushed at his enemy and gave him another savage toss. The lion retired to the farthest corner of the inclosure and tried to scramble out, but was clubbed back. The bull made another rush, and this time he drove a horn into his antagonist and nearly disemboweled him. Every bit of fight in the lion was gone. The bull stood in the centre of the inclosure pawing and bellowing, and the terror of the animal kingdom was dragged out and an attempt made to save his life. The bull was boss from the moment he entered the arena.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

**Where the Day Begins.**  
 If it is now Saturday here it is still Friday in China because the sun has not yet risen there on the day which we are now enjoying. Or, is it not Saturday there? Why should it not have been Saturday in China when the sun last rose? Then, as its light travelled from east to west traversing Europe, the ocean and America, it would have brought Saturday along with it; and, when it again rises on the country of the Mongols it would bring Sunday.

As to whether it is Friday or Sunday on the other side of the earth depends upon where the day begins, and scientific men finally came to an agreement on a definite spot where, by common consent, the sun should rise on a new day for the whole world.

The spot is Easter Island, in the Pacific Ocean west of Chile. There the day is deemed to end and begin. When the sun rises on Easter Island it brings (let us say) Monday with it and this Monday accompanies the sun all around the globe until that orb again reaches the mid-ocean island, when at once Tuesday dawns for the whole world.

Thus, if it be Saturday at sunset here it will be Sunday about sunrise in China, and though we may be ahead of the Celestial Empire in the achievements of science and the development of civilization, they beat us by a day in time and are already up in the morning hours before us.—[The Argosy.]

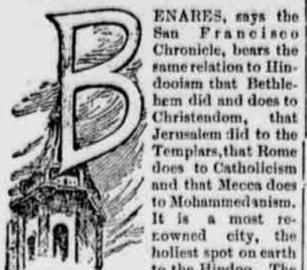
**The Esquiman Circus.**  
 The natives are very fond of theatricals. They mimic all sorts of animals wonderfully, and the man who can do this best is considered a great actor. This sort of mimicry is woven into the shape of dramatic entertainments. One performer will be a bear, for example, clad in appropriate skins, while the others hunt him. Commonly the hunt winds up with the death of the bear or seal.—[Boston Transcript.]

**A SACRED CITY.**  
**BENARES AND ITS NUMEROUS TEMPLES.**  
**Strange Religious Rites and Ceremonies—The Use of Water in Worshipping the Gods—Buddha and His Followers.**

**B**ENARES, says the San Francisco Chronicle, bears the same relation to Hinduism that Bethlehem did and does to Christendom, that Jerusalem did to the Temple, that Rome does to Catholicism and that Mecca does to Mohammedanism. It is a most renowned city, the holiest spot on earth to the Hindus. The name Benares is derived from two small rivers, Varana and Asi-Varana, called by the Hindus Kasi, the Splendid.

Benares has been the religious center of all India since countless generations before Christ. Indeed, the origin is said to be coeval with the creation of the world. It was occupied by hundreds of thousands of people over six centuries before our Christian era and was the birthplace of Hindu mythology. The first authentic history of the city dates back to 638 B. C., for Sakya Muni—Buddha—the great Hindu Christ, flourished from that time till 543 B. C., and lived here for many years. It was in Benares that Buddha taught and established the greatest religion, numerically, on earth, and to show how successful he was and how prosperous his religion has been (although, like Christendom, Bethlehem and Jerusalem contain fewer Christians than any other religious sect, so does Benares contain fewer Buddhists than Hindus and Mohammedans), there are 500,000,000 people that bow to the Buddhist faith—worshipping as devoutly as ever Christian worshippers Christ.

From the time of the Buddha little is known of Benares until the great Mohammedan conquest in 1191 A. D. The Mohammedans destroyed over 1000 Hindu temples and built mosques in their stead. Now that the British rule in India tolerates all religious views, Benares has become almost exclusively a Hindu city. Indeed, it is this very wise policy of free religious thought, speech and action that enables Great Britain to govern India, for the Hindus would willingly unite with England to drive out the Mo-



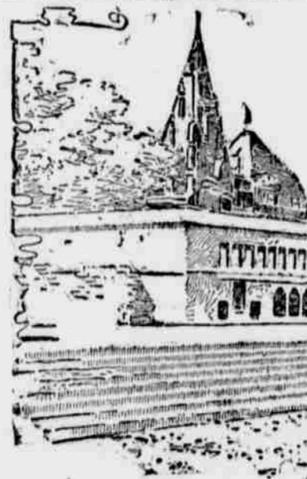
simple souls of almost countless millions. Thousands of millions have purified their bodies in this wondrous stream and gone away happy. Millions and millions of bodies have been burned on its water's edge and have had their ashes strewn upon its placid wave in hope of rest eternal, and still the stream gathers its forces and devotees annually in ever increasing numbers and may do so in all the countless ages that are to come.

Modern Benares has a permanent population of about a quarter of a million and an annual pilgrimage of over one hundred thousand. It has over one thousand temples, thousands of priests, to say nothing of the sacred cows and bulls and monkeys and snakes whose spirits have been on earth centuries before. The Christians hold the cock sacred because it gave timely warning to St. Peter, though he heeded it not, and the dove because the Holy Ghost assumed that shape at one time; so that it is not at all remarkable that the simple-minded Hindus should have sacred animals, more especially as their religion is largely pantheistic, teaching that the Great God Spirit is in every living being.

The streets of Benares are almost as crooked as those of Boston or London. The largest of them within the city are barely wide enough for an ox cart to pass, and one must crawl into the huts or doorways to allow one to go by. Everywhere the people through the streets with their baskets and bundles on their heads and babies on their hips.

One of the great temples out of the thousand at Benares is the Durga or "Monkey" Temple. Durga is the terrific form of Shiva's wife Kali, who is said to delight in destruction. The trinity of the Hindu faith, as is well known, consists of Brahma, the creator, Vishnu, the preserver, and Shiva or Siva, the destroyer. It seems that Shiva's wife, with her four hands, armed with sword and spear and riding on a Bengal tiger, was even more bloodthirsty than the god himself. To appease the goddess this elegant and costly temple was erected, and daily sacrifices of human life were made until quite recently, when the Government interfered. Even to this day lambs and goats are sacrificed to appease the divine wrath, and the poor animals' blood is sprinkled about to sanctify the temple.

The Durga is called the monkey temple because there are hundreds of these sacred animals about, filling the trees and buildings. They are allowed to go and come and do as they please, for their ancestors were human and their spirits have come back on earth to work out their nerwana. They have also sacred bulls, whose spirits lived within human



THE MONKEY TEMPLE.

frames once upon a time. All these bulls and monkeys are painted different colors and worshiped several times a day with imposing ceremony. Even flowers and shrubs are worshiped and prayed to, for does not the essence of divine influence pervade all nature?

The Monkey Temple is a beautiful oriental structure composed of several shrines elaborately carved and decorated with gold, silver and precious gems. In the centre of the building rise up the towers called sikras or vimarabs, so universal in Hindu temples. They are built of carved red sandstone or marble, and often covered with solid plates of gold. The origin of their peculiar shape is unknown, as they existed long before history, but it is supposed they represent flames of fire. The whole is surrounded by a huge wall, having compartments for the priests or Hindu monks and longhats leading down to the Ganges.

Talk not of worshipping until you have seen the devout Hindu performing his devotions in one of these great temples in Benares. Hither pilgrims flock by the thousands from all parts of India. The temples are so crowded that admission cannot be gained for days at a time, and then the crowds are so dense that the jostling and squeezing, the constant noise of the huge bells, the chanting of the prayers and the throwing of holy water makes a terrific pandemonium, and yet to see the people lying prostrate before these images, praying devoutly for



WINDING SILK.

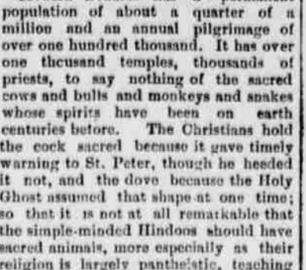
earth does one see humanity so humbled, so sincerely devout! They fast for days, go without speaking one word for years, stand on one foot or keep one arm elevated above their heads for weeks, months and years, until their limbs become ankylosed and as stiff as a poker.

Another interesting temple on the Ganges is at the Chanki Ghat, where serpents are worshiped. The priests of the Temple of the Moon in Benares cure every disease on earth by prayer and holy water. Close to this one is the statue of the mother of Esculapius. This is worshiped and cures diseases. Another one is that of Sita or "Small-pox," a temple presided over by a Hindu goddess. Hither small pox patients flock to be cured. It is needless to say that not many travelers visit this temple. The temple of the planet Saturn has a large image in the shape of a round silver disk, from which hangs an apron or cloth, which prevents one remarking that it is a head without a body. A garland hangs from each ear and a canopy is spread above.

There is also a temple of food—the Annapurna—presided over by a goddess. She has express orders from Bisheshwar to feed the inhabitants of Benares.

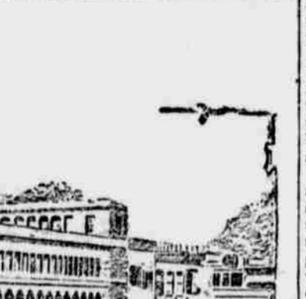
The temple of Shukareswar or planet Venus is filled by men and women praying for handsome offspring. Near the temple of Venus is the curious image of Ganesh. It stands twenty feet high and has solid silver hands, feet and ears, and a huge elephant's trunk for a nose.

Benares is a quaint old city, so full of all forms of worship from ouls to snakes and idols to things that cannot be mentioned. But Benares is noted for other things, the Hindu woven silk and gleaming gold and silver. The hut in which it is made is dirty, without windows or doors. The loom is worth, with all its wood and knotted strings and trappings, say one or two rupees, thirty to sixty cents, and yet within that unclean hut, squatted upon the earth floor, sits the weaver, facing his cheap, simple trap and weaves such costly, priceless fabrics, silks that stand on edge, so stiff they are with golden threads. Silken goods and embroidery in such wondrous patterns that kings and princes stop to buy; goods that put to shame the richest products of Western civilization, all made by the clever slender fingers and the deft Indian hand and foot upon this cheap claptrap of a loom. In gold and silver and brass tableware the people of Benares excel. In fact the brass work is not equaled in any part of the world. They draw designs without patterns, and inlay gold and silver thread into the brass in most exquisite forms. They sit on the floor and hold the cup or brass plate with their feet and toes and work with their hands.



GOING TO BATH.

**Color Blindness.**  
 From three to five per cent. of men who are capable of acting as pilots or engineers are kept out of the work through color blindness. Total color blindness is very rare, but the green-red blindness is very common. Unfortunately for these sufferers from the defects of nature, the signals on the water and railroads are always green and red, making it impossible for them to accept positions that they might otherwise be adapted to by nature. After examining several hundred patients, Hering concluded that while green-red color blindness was quite common, total color blindness or yellow-blue is very rare. It is suggested, then, that if red signal lights had a distinctly yellowish tinge and the green ones a bluish tinge, no accident from color blindness would ever happen.—Yankee Blade.



WINDING SILK.

**The Old and the New.**



THE OLD FASHIONED COQUETTE. THE MODERN FLEET COQUETTE.

I love another, Will think of you as a brother.

I love a dandy, Will think of you as a cousin.

—Puck.